

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AT



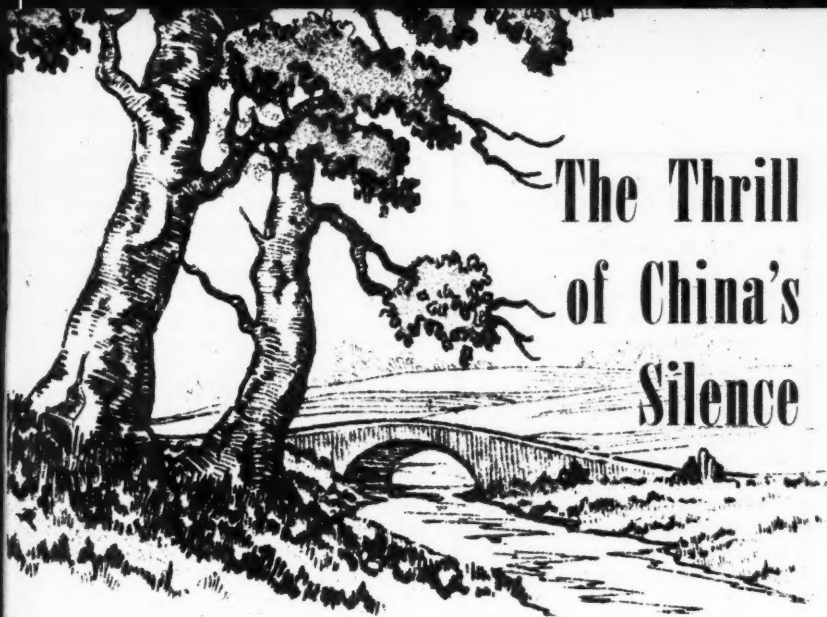
APRIL 1950



These Chinese women, part of a Buddhist pilgrimage, possess all the qualities to make good Christians. Too bad that they have not heard of the Church nor of Christ. Unknowing millions of well disposed peoples dwell on every continent waiting the witness of Redemption.







The Thrill of China's Silence

Enduring calm amid life's passing strife

by Bishop Francis X. Ford

I AM SURE it does not hurt you if we in China crow once in a while over our advantages. There is pleasure in sharing joy; like mercy, joy blesses him who gives and him who takes, and it is good for the world outside China to know some of her attractions, especially when these are lacking in the West.

One of the penalties of modern civilization is the atrophy of the senses to some degree. Perception is dulled by tension. This may explain why city life is the death of poetry: God is not in the whirlwind. "While the deepest of silence calms all, and night has wandered through half its course, Thy Word, O Lord, in all His power comes."

The rush and bustle of modern ways deaden acuteness in the senses, and much of the undertone is lost. "Be still, and see that I am God," sings the Psalmist.

Perhaps we need to live in China to appreciate silence, to become pagans in the primitive sense of village dwellers, although the civilization even in the cities here retains the silence of culture. For silence, after all, is evidence of art; man-made noises arise from friction and are proof of imperfection in machinery. Nature at peace is silence or song or the steady hum of controlled energy that does not grate in stridency. And the Western world is never as still as China.

The Philosophy of a Missioner

ASTONISHING people, these missioners. We of the West view with an agony of apprehension the continuing stir of violence and chaos in China. And here is one of China's bishops, living at the core of this suffering multitude, who writes of the beauties of China's silence!

It is not, when we analyze it, so very strange. Bishop Ford grew up in Brooklyn, and has lived for thirty-two years in China. He knows his people well, feels deeply for them, and grieves with them that the unending political and social disasters march ever on. He has written of his concern for the many missioners, Chinese and foreign, who will suffer at the hands of the Communists.

Nevertheless, China is the bishop's home. He belongs to the land about him and to the people among whom he moves. Quite, then, as though you were to pass a thoughtful hour reflecting on the beauties of your native place, so this transported Brooklynite describes the deep loveliness of his Chinese countryside.

But China's silence is a thing apart; not mere absence of noise, or the lifeless vacancy of the desert,

or the ringing lull of suspended sound. It is not a manufactured silence or the deadness of a Puritanical Sabbath. It is silence as God intended it to be, the harmonious energy of man and nature living calmly.

China is a hive of industry, of physical labor continuing far into the night and starting with the dawn again. China is alive, as no Western land with all its noise is alive. It breathes and moves continuously like an anthill in systematic activity; it is an organism that pulsates and rests, but its sleep is tranquil breathing, and night comes as a nurse to lay a coverlet of mist softly and slowly over the sleeping city, so that its sleep is but a stage of life.

In the Western world, outside of convents and babies' cribs, night is a nightmare: long rows of deserted offices and shops, hard, glaring, empty streets, deathlike in exhaustion. Even dwellings, unlike those of the East, have not the restful look of huddling close to trees and ground, and in the moonlight stare through dark windows like gigantic skulls. The test of a city's beauty is at dusk or moonlight: if peace and life have fled its streets, the harsh electric light merely accentuates the corpse.

A Chinese city is at its best at night. The low-slung, sloping roofs of mossy tile silver the atmosphere, and the mingling cloud of fragrant smoke from the wood fires, eddying with the mist arising from innumerable ponds, catches the first glimpse

of the moon and gives ethereal beauty to the fantastic scene, like the court of heaven reserved for innocence.

It is a populated silence, instinct with life; the open courts within each house provide homes for countless birds nestling safely under the eaves; within doors the family and its pig and poultry — for the latter, too, have their place in genuine family life even in the cities — are bedded down in comfort; the dog in vigilant sleep is stationed at the doorway; while over every roof a myriad of bats, a fitting symbol in China of domestic happiness, flitter their silent vigil through the night.

But it is the unexpected silence of the day that surprises in China. Like the silent motion pictures of a generation ago, the figures move all day without much noise. The dirt roads and bare feet, of course, help deaden any sound, and the absence of vehicles gives an equal pace to the movement; long lines of mules walk daintily in single file, and poorer men, their own burden carriers, with heavier feet follow in the wake of the animals. Life is lived out of doors more in China than in most places, so that the roads and shops

seem filled continuously with silent crowds. Small creeks as well as rivers, bear laden craft that seem to drift along, their movement is so slow and calm. The bent figures and rhythmic

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

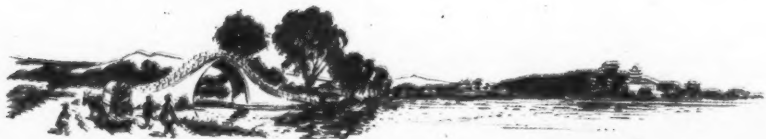
Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

plowing in adjacent fields do not distract the traveler's eye.

There is no frivolous gaiety in Chinese streets or fields, but everywhere placidity and smiles and unfeverish activity. Old cronies, warming themselves in the sunny angles of the houses and accepting the privilege of wrinkled age by sitting at their task, watch over the drying grain spread out before them; they are reposeful, but vigilant lest ducks and hens steal more of the grain than is indulgently allotted them. The only lazy being in China is the family pig, stretched out contentedly in a choice wallow, but even he preserves the silence.

Silence, then, in China is restored to its primitive meaning. It is not mere cessation of noise, as in the West, but an energetic co-ordination of smooth working without friction. It is akin to the silence of a Catholic church, or of a nursery where the cribs are filled with energy asleep. Like the energy of God working through the sap of trees, it is creative, not a void, a grace begot of centuries.





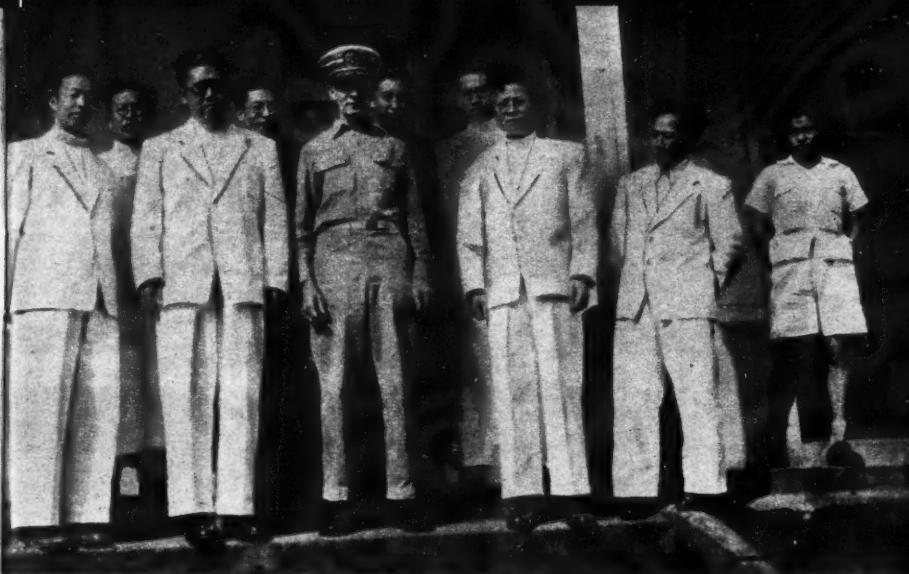
(Above) Monks of the celebrated Chinese Trappist monastery of Chengting halt in Peking in the course of their migration to Szechwan, in China's far west. (Below) Chengting Trappists bound for the fields.

The Road to Exile

A Chinese priest was arrested recently for saying Mass. He was sentenced by the Reds to fifteen days at hard labor, for "wasting time at an occupation so useless to the public good."

Thus history repeats itself. Chinese Catholics are to undergo systematic persecution. The newly born monastic life in China has already been in great part uprooted. The largest Trappist monastery in the country, that of Yung Kai Ping, was raided early in the Communist advance, and over thirty of the seventy monks





Captain Hoxie, a Maryknoll friend, appears above with eight Chinese Disciples of the Lord who fled from North China to Keelung, Formosa. (Below), Trappists haul the winter's logs at the now abandoned Chengting monastery.

were put to death after cruel torture.

Nothing remained for the others but to keep out of the clutches of their terrible foes. The Monastery of Our Lady of Lieve, at Chengting, was abandoned and the community journeyed to far-off Chengtu, in Szechwan. It was like moving from New England to the Rocky Mountains.

The first all-Chinese religious community of priests is that of the Disciples of the Lord, whose mother-house was at Swanhuafu, a hundred miles north of Peking. They have been blessed with many vocations and have trained several of their members in Rome. They likewise left home in a body, journeying first to Shanghai and then to Formosa. Thus the agelong trek of God's persecuted goes on.



A
PERUVIAN
PHOTO
STORY

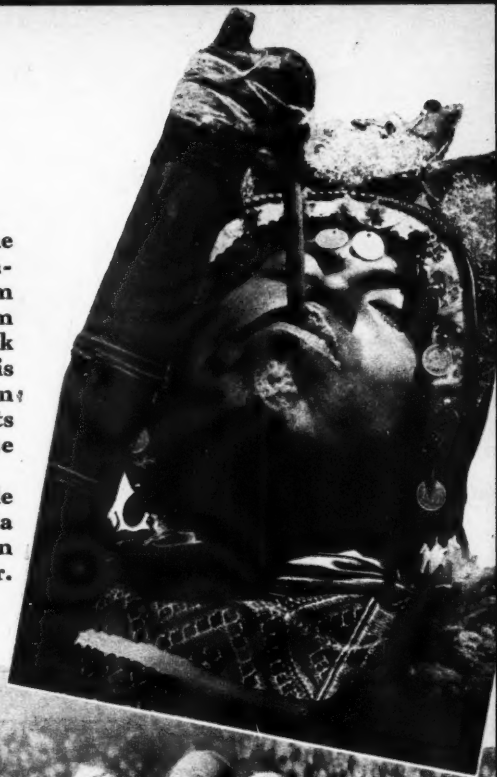
MOUNTAIN FIESTA

COLOR PHOTOS BY JAMES C. CONNELL



PIPES are blowing in the hills, and from the mountain villages stream bright-clad folk, many of them wearing costumes which go back to colonial and Inca days. It is fiesta time. Throughout Latin America, each village has its own patron saint, on whose feast day is held the fiesta.

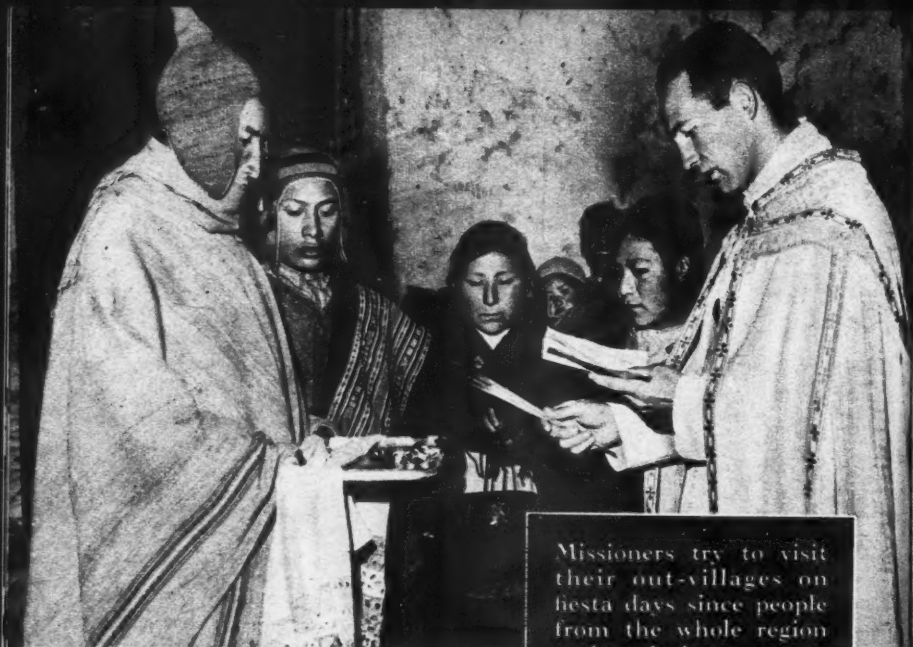
To the poverty-ridden people of the Peruvian highlands, fiesta time is the one bright spot in an otherwise drab, cheerless year.



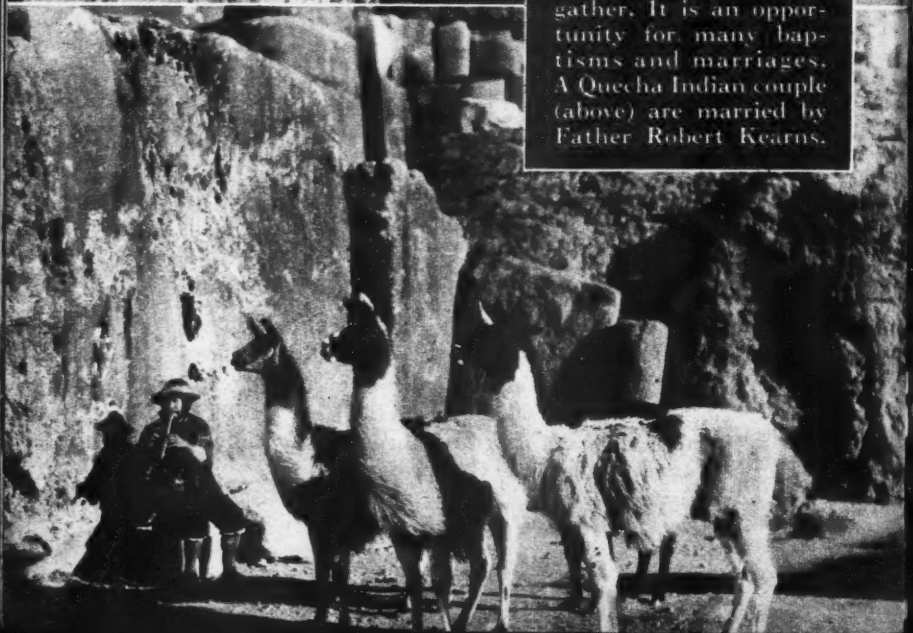




WHEN A priest is available the fiesta celebration begins with a procession and Mass in the village church. Later will come the dancing which may last through the night, or even for several days. The fiesta has distinct religious origins. In many places, abuses have crept into the celebrations, but these are due to lack of supervision.



Missioners try to visit their out-villages on fiesta days since people from the whole region gather. It is an opportunity for many baptisms and marriages. A Quecha Indian couple (above) are married by Father Robert Kearns.





Village power is entrusted to an elected mayor, who bears many historic symbols of an office that traces itself back to Inca days.

by John F. Donovan



TO THE ORDINARY observer, there may seem to be little if any connection between soccer football and chess, or between polo and Chinese checkers. Yet the games are intimately associated, and they spring originally from the same Chinese soil now too often regarded as plague-stricken, completely carpeted with rice paddies, and quite inert.

According to Mr. Lee Wei Tong, who wrote an exhaustive treatise on world sports, soccer football was popular in China 1500 years before the birth of Christ, over five-hundred years before the first Olympian games were held in Peloponnesos. True, at that time the sport was indulged in exclusively by the army as part of its physical and tactical training. A leather-covered spheroid

packed tightly with chicken feathers was the ball; the battleground was a rectangular field slightly larger than our modern football gridiron. The teams worked out tactics of defense and attack; and we have evidence, in the latter Han dynasty, of plays and positions demonstrated in pictures by instructors and studied by the contestants. (The forerunner, could this system have been, of our present-day "blackboard talks"?) It is known that the emperors delighted in the contests and rewarded the winning players with prizes.

All this was in the heyday of China's youth and cultural vigor, when she was in very truth the Middle Kingdom, the civilized and enlightened center of the world, feared in every land for her military prowess. Renowned in that day for

expert and fearless horsemanship, China's archers on foot and especially in the saddle excelled, in accuracy and daring, all barbarians. Those great soldier athletes went quite naturally from "soccer on foot" to "soccer on horseback." And that, so scholars insist, is the origin of present-day polo.

In the early Han dynasty (about 200 B.C.), a young prince, heir to the throne, was a football and polo enthusiast, in his day a star of the first magnitude. But his anxious parents and the administrators of the imperial court were beside themselves with fear during each contest, lest, in the rough engagement, the precious prince be injured. We are told that, after much consultation and considerable thought, an ingenious substitute was devised, one that would at once satisfy the competitive instinct of the prince and at the same time preserve his valuable body from bruises. And so it was that at this time a harmless alternative for soccer and polo entered the world in the form of chess. And shortly thereafter, Chinese checkers became a popular pastime in barracks and tearooms.

However, with the passing of the centuries, inertia set in and competitive sport was confined to the limits of the chess and checkerboards. Then the normal Chinese attitude toward physical exercise became that of the Shanghai businessman who stopped for a moment to watch two wealthy young Chinese

engaged in a tennis match under the hot China sun. Said he, "With all their money, wouldn't you think they'd hire someone to run around and hit that ball for them?"

It pleased us to see that, with the establishment of youth movements under the direction of Chiang Kai-shek, and the founding of middle schools and universities throughout the land, Chinese youth began again demonstrating their native enthusiasm for competitive sports, as many a G.I. can testify. Outdoor basketball has become very popular.

As it was in the beginning, soccer football still is considered the national sport of China. In China today, whenever two or more barefoot youngsters are gathered together with any object of a spheroidal nature—preferably an unripe pomelo—they are most certainly going to start to kick it, and if their teamwork is sometimes deficient, their endurance is terrific. Long walks, practice in the footwork of Chinese boxing, and their mania for kicking the shuttlecock, all go to improve their native pedal agility.

Just before returning to America, I spoke with Mr. Lee Wei Tong, a Chinese sports immortal, the "king of sport," as they call him. Said he about Chinese soccer football: "It is by far the most popular sport in China. Future prospects are very bright, and our Olympic team will play matches with the best teams in Europe and in the Americas."

The Missionary Spirit is not a virtue expected of the few. This spirit and the Catholic spirit are one and the same thing. . . One is not genuinely devoted to the Church unless one is devoted to its taking root and flourishing everywhere on the earth.

— *Pope Pius XII*

Pedro's
Easter
Morn



The church belfry, Huehuetenango, Guatemala

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Missioners are often technicians without knowing it. They are specialists in their own domain without realizing it. They know much about the peoples who live in faraway places because they have dedicated their lives to their welfare. They have studied their languages and customs, and know their virtues and their faults, their strength and their weakness.

In 1924 I met in Kobe the famous Father Villon, of the Paris Foreign Missions Society. He had spent sixty-two years as a missionary in Japan without once returning to his native land. He told me that he used to hide under straw in a rice field when he first arrived in Japan, since persecution was still active. Father Villon was a walking encyclopedia of things Japanese. He had lived for some time in a Buddhist monastery in order to understand Buddhism — and he did understand it very well.

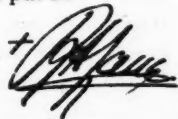
One finds in every mission land scholarly priests whose contributions are known to the specialists. The erudite and authoritative review, *Anthropos*, is one of a group of periodicals that record the scientific findings of the ablest among our missionary scholars.

Catholic missioners have been coming into their own recently, as experts on educational, social, agricultural, and other subjects, through

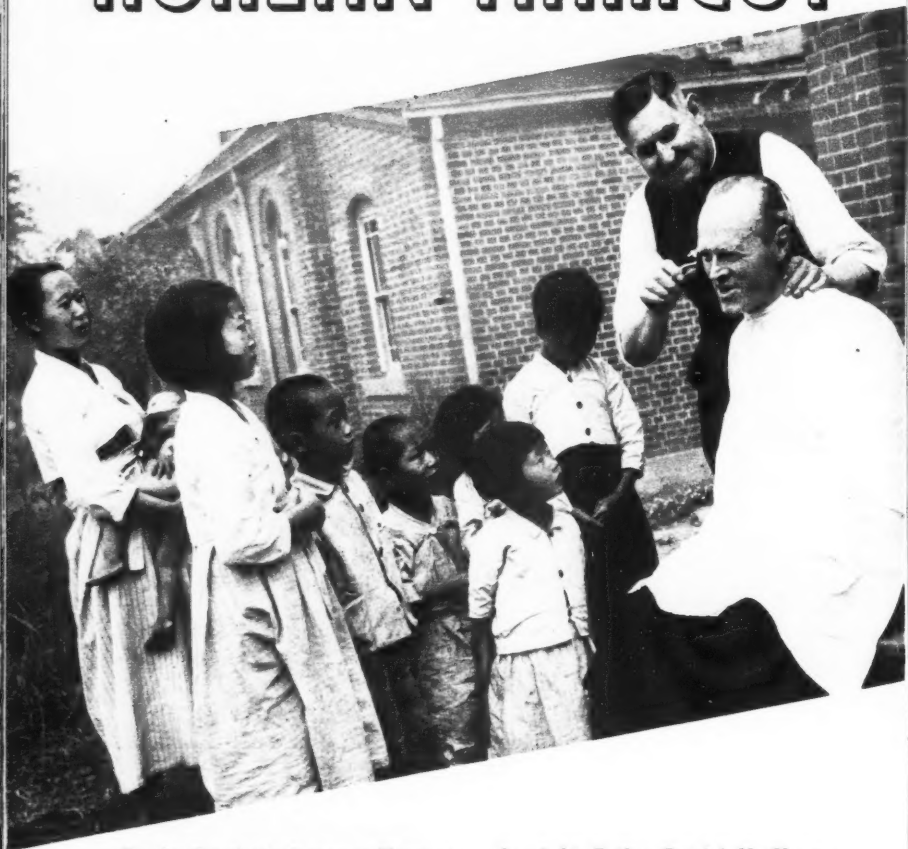
the increased interest in undeveloped regions on the part of both governmental and non-governmental agencies. Some time ago a group of mission-society representatives were privileged to have a number of United Nations specialists address them on the role of the missionary in meeting men's social needs around the world. They were deeply impressed by the earnestness, ability, and unselfish service of many of the speakers.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" prompts the Church's world-wide social program. The fact that even non-Catholics recognize the vastness of this social program is at once encouraging and sobering: encouraging because of the possibilities in it for the advancement of Christianity; sobering because of the responsibilities entailed on the part of the mission societies in the formation of their candidates.

Seminary schedules are already fairly crowded. Yet our priest-pioneers of tomorrow must be ready for social leadership according to the ideals laid down by the Popes and the techniques of sound experience. They must do what can be done to "humanize" people, as the late Cardinal Suhard put it.

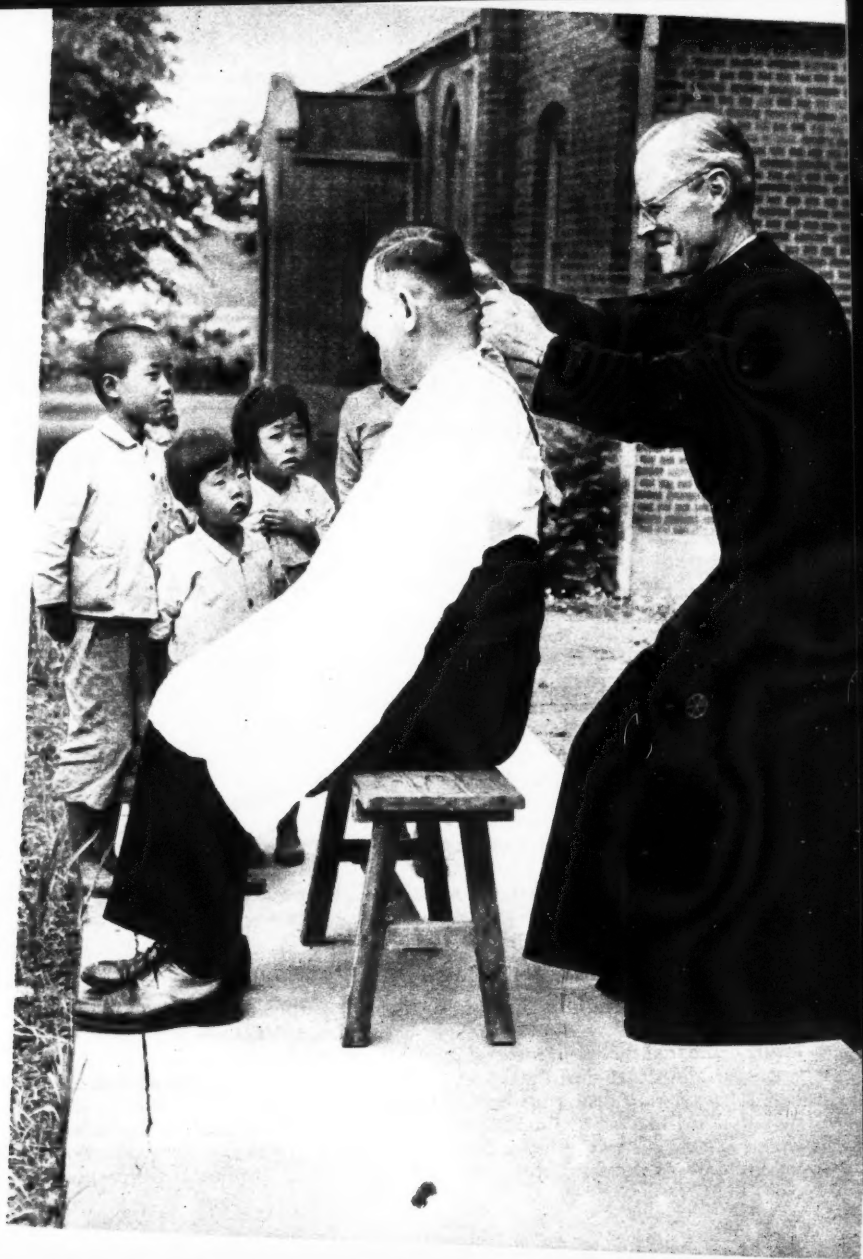


KOREAN HAIRCUT



To the fascinated young Koreans, these two foreigners who cut each other's hair are strange creatures, indeed. In the left-hand photograph, Father Roy D. Petipren, of Detroit, operates the shears. On

the right, Father Patrick H. Cleary, of Ithaca, N. Y., handles the comb and scissors. Both labor about Seoul because their old mission of Penglung is closed tightly behind the Russian Iron Curtain.



The Maryknoll Roundup

He Broke Down. Brother Felix Fournier, a Maryknoller from Brooklyn, N. Y., is fast becoming famous as an all-round mechanic. Many of the small industries in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, are buying American pumps, motors, and such things. As all the instructions are

printed in English the local workers are at a loss, and they come looking for Brother. His latest job was installing a water pump. Brother returned home very happy, because the owner, who had always made it a practice never to speak to him, had finally to break down and say, "Thank you!" for a job well done.



Brother Felix

Very Special. "After Mass in a small town named Tekit, I was about to return to the boarding house where I



Father Allie

had eaten supper the night before," says Father Arthur F. Allie, of Three Rivers, Wis. "But the Polish refugee doctor across the street from the church insisted that I have breakfast with him. The doctor added zest to the invitation by assuring me that there was something very special for breakfast that morning. It was a rare dish, and he was sure that I'd like it; the ingredients were pig's tongue and gelatin. I did my bravest by the strange dish, using

the only knife and fork the family own. As yet, they have but three glasses and a few plates. The wife and children had to eat after the head of the house and the guest had finished."

Economy. The village of Chanchou, China, with approximately 300 people, has been converted to the true Faith by a Maryknoll Missioner, Father Lloyd I. Glass, of Cresco, Iowa. Once the villagers had been baptized, the local artisans did a remodeling job on their pagan temple, and turned it into a Catholic church. Father Glass reports that altering the temple saved him the worry and expense of building a new chapel for Chanchou. Now the inhabitants of several neighboring villages are receiving instructions.



Father Glass

The Customer Waits. In downtown Tokyo, Brother Theophane Walsh was shopping when he met an unexpected delay. Fire broke out in a section of the Tokyo railroad station. Typical of the attitude of the people here in regard to fires was the reaction of the clerks in the Overseas Store; they all left their customers standing around while they — the clerks — sped to the roof of the building to view the fire, which was a few blocks away. Brother reports that

the manager, alone, remained to make sure the customers waited to pay for their purchases.

Baby Sitter. "Theresa Ch'en, president of the Legion of Mary in Heingan, China, spends a good part of her day near the canal in front of the mission," reports Father Edwin J. McCabe, Maryknoller from Providence, R. I.



Father McCabe

"Theresa helps other women wash clothes and clean vegetables, or she holds their babies while the women work. Invariably she turns the conversation to the Church and invites the women to visit the mission. If a mother complains that she can't come because of her children, Theresa will tend the youngsters and set the house in order, so that the mother can attend services. Soon afterward, mother and children are attending the mission classes, in preparation for baptism."

A Whale of a Difference. An aged Maryknoll priest visited a German

doctor for treatment. The doctor discovered that the priest's knee was dislocated and told him, "You must pray a lot, Father." The priest, in relating the incident to a fellow Maryknoller, who happened to be of German descent, said his doctor thought the ailment was caused by kneeling at prayer. But his companion disagreed: "Oh; no, he meant that remark in the German sense. Nothing but a miracle will cure your leg, and so you need to pray a lot."

Answer before Prayer. "The heavy rain that greeted us this morning was very appropriate because one priest was scheduled to sing High Mass for that intention," writes the Rev. William J. Murphy, of Pittsfield, Mass. "The wet weather did not keep the men from Mass, as this was their instruction day. The natives here in Africa have no means of conveyance other than their feet, and they do not own such luxuries as shoes, umbrellas, or raincoats. But their great faith keeps them warm."



Father Murphy

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

4-0

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ()

Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____

by Daniel Sargeant

FATHER *of Maryknoll*

THIS IS THE STORY of James Anthony Walsh, the man — the priest — who, with Father Thomas Frederick Price, founded the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, generally known as Maryknoll. He was the man who, more than any other, had changed the attitude of Catholics in the United States from that of indifference to foreign missions to that of enthusiasm for them.

His daylight of a lifetime began in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Saint Matthias Day, February 24, 1867. Two days after his birth, he was wrapped up like a bundle of clothes and taken to Saint Peter's church, on Cambridge's Concord Avenue, where he slept while Father Dougherty trickled water on his forehead, put salt on his tongue, and declared James Anthony dead to sin as Christ had died on the Cross. His father, James, and his mother, Hannah, were acutely aware of the wonder of having a child beginning his eternity with them.

Jimmie grew into an alert boy, very playful without being rough, quick enough in his lessons, and endowed with a ready tongue; wherefore his parents — like all Irish parents, looking for some son to be set apart for God's service — decided

that he was bent for the priesthood. And so did the boy himself.

One Sunday when he was nine, a German Jesuit, Father Weise, spoke at Jimmie's Sunday school in behalf of the orphans of China, and handed out cards to be filled with twelve cents for the ransoming of Chinese castaway infants. It was the work of the Association of the Holy Childhood that the Jesuit was carrying on. Jimmie went from door to door, begging a cent a door. It gave him a feeling of importance. He remembered the feat in later life, but at the time it was no precocious deed of piety.

He also became a perfectly normal altar boy, jangling the bells at the right and wrong moments, near the towering, mysterious altar, and enjoying it.

THE YEARS that followed saw his determination to become a priest mature. In September, 1886, James Anthony Walsh took a horsecar toward the setting sun, to the Brighton hills on which stood the seminary in which he would train for the priesthood. For a few days — so his classmates say — he was a stander-apart. But Monsignor Duggan of Hartford, his classmate, explains that very

How a Boston priest took hold of an idea

shortly his companionableness became apparent. His fellow students "very soon discovered the deep faith, the keen intelligence, the unobtrusive piety, and the infinite humor of the young student."

James Anthony made a place for himself in the community at the Brighton Seminary, as the student who edited a student periodical, the student organist, the one who made a special place for himself in the hearts of a few.

Abbe Hogan, the rector of the seminary, was an extraordinary Sulpician, of towering personality. It was he who had general charge of the spiritual formation of all the students. He found a most ready and responsive and grateful disciple in James Anthony Walsh.

Abbe Hogan inculcated in his seminarians an understanding that the days of the Twelve Apostles were not passed, nor were the days of Nero. The same Christian story of all ages was still going on.

I doubt if anyone could really know the priest he was-to become, Father James Anthony Walsh, without knowing *Pere* Theophane Venard. The story of the French martyr entered into his blood at the Brighton Seminary. He found him a companion dear to his heart. He made Theophane Venard's acquaintance

and ably brought it to a great fruition



Bishop James Anthony Walsh

through the letters of the young man — he was only thirty-one when he died — which the Abbe Hogan read aloud.

Foreign missionaries became so much a part of the world of James Anthony that he began to do something about them. There was another professor at the seminary, Father Andre, and what he did for the missions he did with him. The two had no money themselves, but they

would and could work as journalists to collect alms. Together they edited a column called "Mission Notes" in a parish weekly, *The Sacred Heart Review*, a magazine which because of its quality circulated far out of the parish. To make this column interesting was not difficult, for Father Andre was always receiving letters from missionaries, and the letters were interesting by the strangeness of things they described, and by the strangeness of the heroic spirit in which they were written. The purpose of this column was to awaken Americans to what was going on in the foreign-mission field. As a whole, the Catholics of the United States were unconscious of missionaries afar.

Father Andre commented in amazement at the response to this column: "It was wonderful to receive letters that came to us from all quarters. Sometimes they came from poor Irish servants who sent us their little savings. Priests and seminarians added sincere congratulations to their offerings."

The years went by and finally, on Friday morning, May 20, 1892, James Anthony became a priest. After six years of preparation, he could begin his life's work. Whatever should be his particular task, he would take it up with the spirit that Theophane Venard had shown.

After a breathing spell of two weeks, Father James Anthony Walsh was assigned to St. Patrick's Parish as assistant. To the sick calls, the women's Sodalities, the Holy Name Society, the altar boys there, he gave himself, and more than gave himself, for eleven years. So excessively busy was he that at times he neared

exhaustion, for he was never of adamant health. He saved himself from real exhaustion, however, by being able to keep himself from being torn by emotions, either over-enthusiastic or over-depressing, and also by being able to take vacations and make the most of them.

BUT DURING ALL THESE years a trap was being laid for him by God. The Catholic hierarchy of the U.S. was bringing it home to the Catholic faithful that, in elementary gratitude to God, they should do more for Catholic missions. The American bishops had at last launched the Society for the Propagation of the Faith on a systematic collecting of alms. In every way the foreign missions appeared to Father James Anthony at St. Patrick's as more important than ever, but he was so involved with parish activities.

And then, one March day in 1903, he was reading his Office in the garden. He happened to look up and see a man with a beard go to the front door of the rectory. He remembered this day with a minute vividness:

"As the maid opened the door, I said to myself, 'That is Father Freri, the Central Director of the Propagation of the Faith, and he has come to ask me to become Director of this Society in the Boston Archdiocese.'"

That was the purpose of Father Freri's visit, and as Father James Anthony Walsh accepted he said to himself very positively, "I am going to stay at this work in some form or other for the rest of my life."

In the year 1904 he collected

thirty-seven thousand dollars in membership fees and gifts, which was more than the contribution of any other diocese in Christendom. This was very handsome, and it brought him these words from the Paulist, Father Walter Elliot:

"Only yesterday I read the good news that Boston heads all Catholic Christendom in contributing to the propagation of our Holy Faith . . . And I know that you will soon place the Church in America where she ought to be — in the forefront of all Catholic missionary enterprise . . ."

It came over Father James that American Catholics could not be awakened to their apostolic obligation until they first caught sight of their obligation to the whole world. And he said as much, addressing a meeting of the Missionary Union — an American organization occupied with supporting missions to isolated Catholics in the United States — in Washington, D.C., in 1904.

While he was speaking, there sat looking at him a battle-scarred missionary from North Carolina, where there were fewer Catholics to the population than there were in China.

In meeting Father Thomas F. Price, Father Walsh met a true missionary. And he found himself from that moment confronted with his lifework; to arouse a general spirit of apostolicity among American Catholics.

The way to do it was to send forth missionaries from the United States. But to try to do two things at the same time would be to do both of them badly. He preferred merely to do his work at the S.P.F. in a

manner that would encourage interest in all missions at home and abroad.

On October 4, 1906, Father James Anthony met with three conspirators — Father John I. Lane, Father James F. Stanton, and Father Joseph Bruneau, all friends of his seminary days. To themselves they acknowledged their single thought: a foreign-mission seminary. They banded themselves together to stimulate public opinion to demanding it by nourishing the public on various publications.

On January 1 of the year 1907, the first number of the magazine appeared. *The Field Afar* very soon began to receive compliments. Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, testified to its great improvement over the customary mission literature of that time. Before two years were out, *The Field Afar* had five thousand subscribers. Two hundred and seventy-five foreign missionaries began to send letters to the editor.

A number of young women volunteered to work for the new periodical. Most conspicuous among them was Miss Mary J. Rogers, who described her first meeting with Father James Anthony: "I, who had gone to him as a stranger, left him as hundreds of others have left him, with a quickened consciousness of a joyful obligation to others, motivated by a love of souls in Christ."

Things were going so well that a whisper came to the heart of Father Walsh: "Since there is so much growing interest in the missions, why not start the desired seminary to meet the interest?"

Pope Pius X declared on June 29,

1908, that the United States had ceased to be a country ranked as a mission. It could now be missionary-sending. All indications pointed to America's great vocation as a missionary nation.

THEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1910, Father Walsh attended the first Eucharistic Congress in the New World. Father Price of North Carolina was there, too. They met and conversed, and together they assumed a boldness of plan which neither of them dared to have alone. Divine Providence had led a missionary from North Carolina and a Director of the S.P.F. into similar paths. Both were ready to burn their bridges behind them and establish what they considered their country's greatest need: a Catholic foreign-mission seminary.

The American hierarchy, meeting in Washington on April 27, 1911, approved the plan of Fathers Walsh and Price. Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, released Father Walsh. Father Price was released, too, from his work in North Carolina. Together they journeyed to Rome, where on June 29, 1911, Cardinal Gotti, head of the Sacred Congregation of *Propaganda Fide*, approved their plan. Fathers Walsh and Price were presented to the Holy Father, Pius X, and heard him say that work for pagans abroad would react favorably on the work of the Church in America.

Archbishop Farley, of New York, offered the newly approved Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America a harborage in his diocese. Fathers Walsh and Price decided to locate in

Hawthorne, a village twenty-nine miles north of New York City.

Some French Dominicans, exiles from anticlerical France, at first offered the two founders hospitality. But the young women who were helping Father Walsh in editing *The Field Afar* were indispensable and were needed at Hawthorne, where the periodical would thereafter be edited. At length a suitable cottage was rented for the secretaries, and finally a house — Klinger Cottage — was found for the priests.

Father Walsh had to cook; they had little money — not enough to hire a cook who would stay. Father Price had to stoke the furnace. Father Lane had to wield a pump — there was no running water. Father Walsh used this situation as a stepping-stone to establish in this Catholic Foreign Society a spirit of happy community life in which pretence could not exist.

One winter afternoon Father Walsh called at Cathedral College in New York City. He inquired of a student if the rector was at hand. Gone. And what was the Father's name? And what did the Father want? Father Walsh said he wished to speak to the students about foreign missions. The student was sorry, but no one was around.

"But I have a friend who is daft on the foreign missions," suddenly remembered the student. A search for the friend proved fruitless. "Good-night, Father."

A second later the friend, Francis X. Ford, turned up. "What! a priest here who was starting a seminary for foreign missions? I will run after him."

On Madison Avenue, Frank caught up with Father Walsh and then and there registered himself as the first seminarian. Before April (1912) arrived, there were six future students assured to the seminary — but where was the seminary? Searching for a suitable location, Father Walsh happened upon a farm on a hill outside of Ossining. On August 18, Father Walsh bought the ninety-three acres, the three houses, and the barn. On September 18 they completed the move from the Klinger Cottage to the farmhouse on the hill, which was already called "Maryknoll."

AT THE beginning of the year 1913, Father Walsh was able to send an assuring report to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It could be summarized as follows:

"We have a permanent location. Our official organ, *The Field Afar*, has secured us a steady stream of gifts. The work has been welcomed by a very satisfactory proportion of the bishops, priests, and laity. We begin with six students, and we have the strong hope of a steady flow of vocations."

Father Walsh managed to collect a faculty. The Dominicans from Hawthorne were most generous in loaning their men; Mill Hill, in England, loaned Father John McCabe as a scripture professor; Father Placido Barile, from Rome, taught philosophy. But there was also a special instruction due to foreign missionaries that was not necessary for diocesan priests. Father Lane gave a course in Chinese History, and Father McCabe gave lessons in man-

ual training. Doctor Paluel Flagg taught first aid. The seminarians occasionally visited Sing Sing to give catechetical instructions.

"A stranger coming to Maryknoll," wrote Father Walsh, "need not be surprised to meet one of the seminarians in overalls, working on the grounds, or scrubbing the floors. These duties have been carried out, we are glad to say, not in a camp-life spirit . . . but seriously and naturally, as part of the training for a soldier of Christ."

Certain qualities were especially necessary for missionaries. They would be far from carpenters and plumbers. They should be men of action, hardy, versatile.

The only disquietudes in the new Seminary were those of the Superior, Father Walsh, who had to provide the money to see that the training could go on. Father Walsh refused to let financial anxieties bother his peace of mind, and he certainly never bothered the students with them. But after the various crises had passed, he regaled the readers of *The Field Afar* with accounts of them. It was for the friends of Maryknoll to play their foreign-missionary part by supplying funds to feed and house and prepare missionaries.

When Maryknoll was nearly six years old it had — counting the ordinations of June, 1917 — ten priests and sixty students, besides a dozen auxiliary Brothers, and forty thousand subscribers to *The Field Afar*.

BEFORE SENDING MISSIONERS into the field, Father Walsh determined to make an exploring trip in the Orient.

He wished to see mission conditions at first hand. From letters and books and from visits of missionaries, he knew a great deal. But his very practical mind could learn best when it was on the spot; then only could he make his best judgments. He also wished to know where, if anywhere, those in charge would give his missionaries a place.

After an extended trip through Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and northern and central China, Father Walsh went to Canton. He was counting on Bishop de Guebriant for a formal invitation to Maryknoll. Father Walsh was still smarting from a visit with a Shanghai prelate, who was just as affable as he was uncertain whether American priests would be able "to accommodate themselves to life in China."

Bishop de Guebriant offered Father Walsh a district under his jurisdiction in the Province of Kwangtung. It was called Yeungkong. That night Father Walsh went to rest happy and thankful. By the end of April, he was home in Maryknoll.

Four Maryknollers were immediately chosen to go to China. Father Price, fifty-seven years old but a veteran with twenty years' experience in the mission hardships of North Carolina, was the leader of the first departure group. It included Father James E. Walsh, of Maryland; Father Bernard F. Meyer, of Iowa; and Father Francis X. Ford, of New York. They left for China on September 7, 1918.

Everything about Maryknoll grew, in the decade or more between 1918 and 1929. The secretaries, under the guidance of Father Walsh, grew into

the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, three hundred strong, with a third of their number in the Orient. Miss Mary J. Rogers became their first Mother General, Mother Mary Joseph. The Auxiliaries of St. Michael grew into a lay Brotherhood, fifty in number. The mission field grew until it included missions in Manchuria, Korea, the Philippines, and Hawaii. The preparatory schools in the United States multiplied. Of all this growth, Father Walsh was always the animator.

He was the Society's Superior, and rector of its Seminary at Ossining. He was the editor of its magazine, *The Field Afar*. He could no longer count on help from his cofounder, Father Price, for the latter was dead in China. The saintly Father Price had died of appendicitis less than a year after arriving in the Orient. Father Walsh alone was now the promoter of Maryknoll's growth, the orderer of its growth so that its growth should be sane.

In his Christmas letter to Maryknollers, in 1927, he wrote: "God's blessing has been so visible in our work at home and abroad that we may be confident it will never fail us. His bounty . . . will fill our every need in proportion as we keep ourselves down and our souls open."

Father Walsh treated the other missionary societies, recruiting in the United States, not as rivals but as co-operators. Maryknoll had no monopoly. He worked with the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word in promoting the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. When the Irish Columban Fathers wished to establish an American branch,

Father Walsh acted as host to those who were to do the establishing. Father Walsh was thinking not only of Maryknoll's vocation but of the country's.

Father Walsh also took an interest in all the religious developments of his country. He was proud of the work of every American priest who reflected credit on the Church. The problem of saving souls in every part of the world was his frequent meditation.

"Some might not consider the present economic depression," commented Father Walsh in *The Field Afar*, in the early thirties, "a time when a large increase in 'the family' would bring happiness; but we are confident that the Master who has called these generous young souls to His service in the fields afar will inspire in other hearts the desire to aid us in their training."

On April 24, 1933, a cable from Rome brought the unexpected news that Father Walsh was to be raised to the episcopacy as Titular Bishop of Siene. "I have never cared for rings or miters, or purple robes," he murmured when the news reached him. He considered it as an honor to Maryknoll rather than to himself. He was consecrated at Rome on June 29,

the twenty-second anniversary of the founding of Maryknoll.

From that time on, his health failed rapidly. In 1934 the doctors ordered him — as he put it — to "loaf." The doctors did their best, but he could not deceive himself; except for a miracle, his life was over.

Just as he was becoming aware of this, a telegram came from Monsignor Francis X. Ford, of Kaying, China; he was to be made a bishop, and he begged for the joy of being consecrated by the surviving founder of Maryknoll. Long before September 21, 1935, Bishop Walsh had had to give up saying Mass with any regularity. But on that day he drew the strength from somewhere to consecrate as bishop the priest who had been Maryknoll's first student.

Then Bishop Walsh retired — retired forever. It was April 14, 1936, at twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock, when the priests at his bedside heard Bishop James Anthony Walsh say, for the last time, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" Bishop Walsh's day on earth was over.

Archbishop McNicholas, of Cincinnati, said in the eulogy, "I do not hesitate to say that Bishop Walsh is the greatest missionary that America has ever given to the Church."



A WHITE-HAIRED grandmother, bent with the labor of seventy years, looked with wonder and awe upon the first bicycle she had ever seen. She watched me pumping up a rear flat one day. With childlike simplicity, she edged nearer and felt the hard front tire; then she asked a bystander, "How does he get air into the front circle of rubber?" The answer was: "Can't you see all those pipes on the contraption? They are hollow, so when he squirts air into the back circle of rubber, the front circle gets hard." None of the natives laughed. Neither did I.

— Russell Sprinkle

How About YOU

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL? If you are like most of us, you may reply: "No, I just haven't gotten around to it yet. Besides, I'm not rich; I haven't a great deal of money or property to leave, so a will won't matter much, anyway."

That is like saying, "I have no very exciting news to write to my mother, so why bother to write to her at all?" Your mother wishes to hear from you, even if you haven't just been elected president. Making a will is a matter of affection and kindness and justice, as well as of law and property.

To die "intestate" — that is, without making a will — is always troublesome, and may even be tragic, for those who survive. If there is no will, property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts, and it must be divided according to definite rules laid down in the law. Seldom does such division meet the needs of the family.

Only you can make your will. Only you can divide your property fairly. Only you can see that all needs are met.

Why take the risk? Now — today — while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will! Make a separate bequest for a specified number of Masses for yourself.

Then make a special bequest to Maryknoll, a stringless gift, to be used where it will be needed most and where it will do the most good.

How should you go about this? There are three easy steps: (1) List your property; (2) list your heirs; (3) see a lawyer.

A good Catholic, considering how to leave his or her property, will remember family and friends. The Christian has, by his special quality, certain obligations as a follower of Christ. He will think of charity — to his parish, to diocesan and national institutions, and to the world-wide Church.

How to Make a Bequest to Maryknoll

In your will, use the following form in leaving property to Maryknoll: — "I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York, (Here insert amount or description of legacy or property.) This legacy is to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York

I shall be interested to receive your FREE booklet *The Making of a Catholic Will*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here for a free booklet about the Maryknoll Annuity.

The Poor Little Frogs

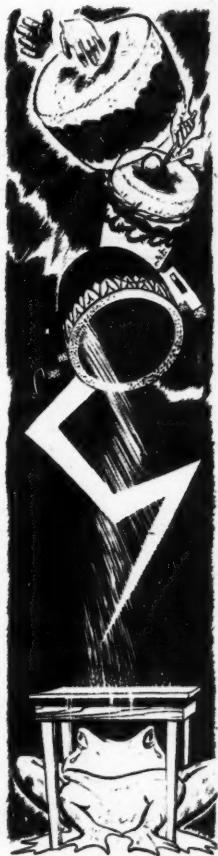
by Robert E. Lee

WHEN VICTOR ALCOCER, the catechist, moved into the Maya Village of Xiatil, there was a fine turnout of natives for his prayer and catechism classes. Then one evening Isidre, the Indian chief, said to Victor: "So long! Everybody go tomorrow to make rain; three days come back." Early the next morning, Victor heard the bustle as the Indians moved into the jungle. When he asked four young boys why they stayed behind, they replied, "We go at twelve o'clock with food for altar of cross."

Victor stayed behind for two days. Then his curiosity got the better of him, and off he went to see the rain makers. It was an odd sight that greeted his eyes. In the center of a clearing, where all the Mayan Indians were congregated, was a small table with a cross on it. Before the table were offerings of tortillas and corn gruel. In front of the table was hunchbacked Evo, intoning prayers that the missionaries had taught to the Indians' forefathers. Beneath the table were six little boys, tied to the legs of the table with ropes.

The boys were quiet, until suddenly from the sides of the clearing four young men — shouting, jumping, and beating drums — advanced upon them. Taking up containers of water, they began to shower it upon the hapless boys under the table. The boys began to howl. Someone remarked to Victor: "Them big fellows, thunder and lightning and water; them little ones, frogs. Rain come soon."

After the ceremony, the Indians returned to the village. But no rain came. When classes were resumed, Victor had his chance to make rain. He showed the Indians his rosary, and they prayed it, and the rain came down in torrents! The Number One Thunder Man was heard to remark, "Don Victor, he heap good rain maker!"





TIME TO THAW OUT

Spring rains are falling this month over the major portion of the United States. In the various Maryknoll training houses, new activity is stirring. At our Brookline seminary near Boston (above), the plow is ready to break open the long-frozen earth. A sunny but brisk day finds our Venard students off for their first hike of the year (right), and a chance to make a stubborn but most unusual acquaintance.

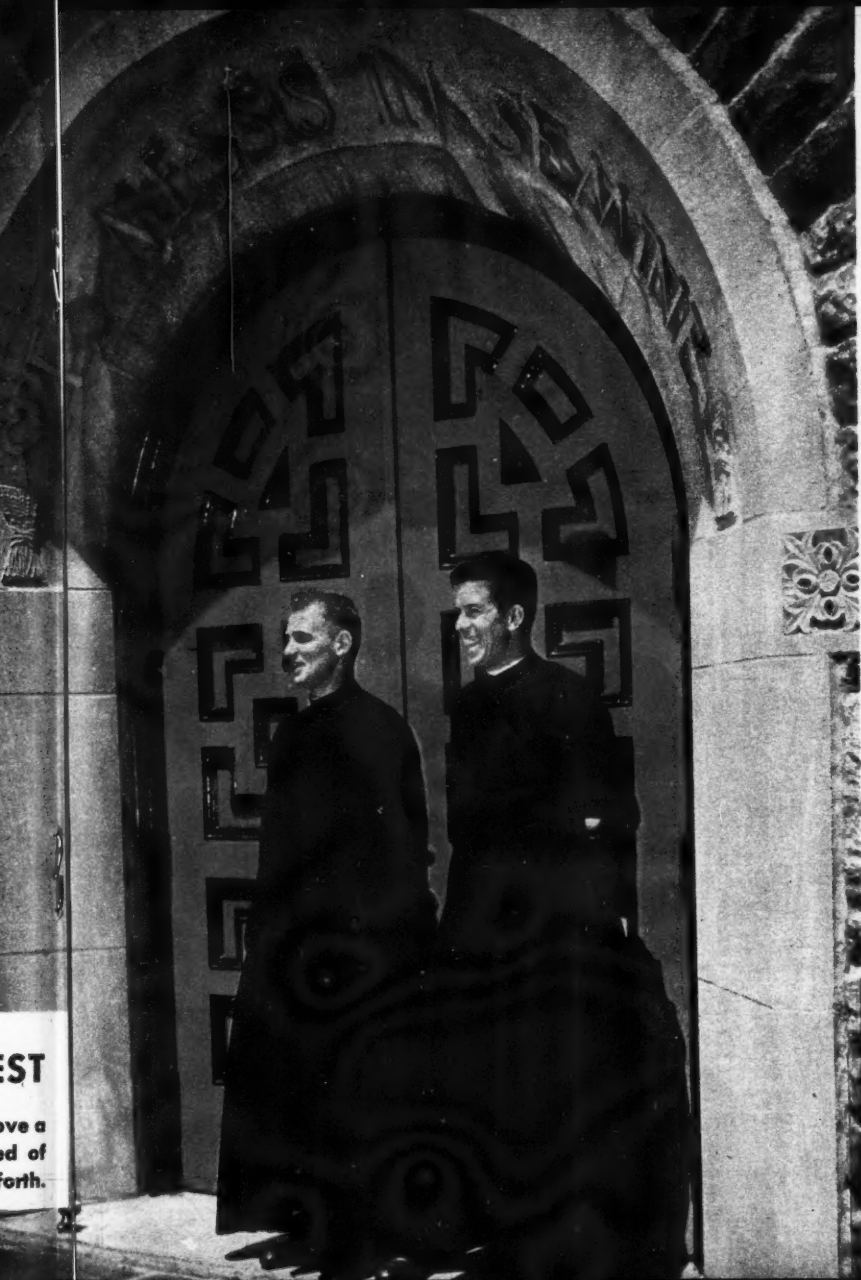
A HOMELAND PHOTOGRAPHIC ROUNDUP





HOPE OF THE HARVEST

"The hope of the harvest is in the seed," says the Latin inscription above a Maryknoll Seminary doorway. At the Home Knoll (above), the seed of vocation is brought to final blossoming, and another missionary goes forth.



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SPRING comes gently to the California hillside whereon this sheltered Christus rises. In the background stands our Mountain View seminary. The crucifix is an eternal reminder that Christ died for all men, a statement which is the keystone for all the missionary's activities. Spring, too, brings us Lent and Holy Week. Below, Father Joseph Connors distributes palms to some of his students at our Lakewood, New Jersey, junior seminary.



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Mission Book of the Year



*Told in
Bob Considine's
inimitable
style*



World War II opened the eyes of Bob Considine, ace war correspondent, to the work done in foreign fields by American missionaries. He puts his impressions into a vivid, action-packed story. Read *The Maryknoll Story*, the missionary book of the year. Doubleday \$3.00

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by Gorden N. Fritz

CLOSE CALL IN THE JUNGLE

An Airplane Crash Is Only the Beginning

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL, bright morning when the big cargo plane lifted itself from the La Paz airport into the rarefied atmosphere of the Bolivian Andes. The plane was destined for the jungles of the Beni River, in the far interior. Monsignor Thomas J. Danehy and I were the only passengers aboard, and most of the cargo was for our Cavinass Mission.

After a while the plane wound out of the mountains, and down over the jungle and the Beni headwaters. Soon our first destination, the little town of Rurrenabaque, came into sight. We settled down on the airstrip, a perfect landing — but only for the first few seconds!

Then one of the wheels locked, and the C-54 skidded off the runway, into a series of big ditches at the far end of the field, crumpling the undercarriage and ripping off one of the wings. Fortunately, neither of the motors caught fire, so there was no damage to the pilot, to Monsignor, or to me, other than a rather violent shaking up of ourselves and the cargo — and, of course, the long walk to the other end of the airfield.

During the next week we found that the airplane crash was a mild beginning for a series of troubles. We lost a day waiting for our cargo to be dragged from the wreckage. On

the second day I bought a pair of big, dugout canoes, weighing about four tons, and lashed them together with ropes and vines. Monsignor hired the town's only tractor and began hauling cargo from airport to river. By the next morning, our canoes were all loaded, well supplied with pots, pans, and food, plus gas and oil for our five-horsepower outboard motor, which we had put on one canoe.

At eight o'clock we said good-bye to Rurrenabaque and the crumpled plane, which still lay at the end of the jungle, abandoned, and not worth being salvaged. The day was bright and pleasant. Our destination, Cavinass Mission, 500 miles away, seemed near and easy of access.

Everything began well. We skillfully passed through the twenty-odd miles of logs and rapids that form the first part of the river. At nightfall, we stopped our motor, cooked and ate, and settled down in the canoes for a good sleep, letting the canoes drift on unguided. We had decided to travel at night in order to reach Cavinass for the big Indian fiesta. That was our first mistake. It doesn't pay to rush in the jungle.

At two o'clock the next morning, Monsignor and I awoke with a start. Right in front of us, a huge log stood

upright in the river. The water was roaring as it split around the log. Seconds later we crashed, the collision forcing the canoes almost to stand on end. Cargo and missionaries were thrown into the river. I grabbed a few boxes and packages that came floating by.

"Let them alone!" Monsignor called. "Get the canoes, or we'll never get out of here."

By this time the canoes had slipped off the log and were slowly sinking. After a struggle we managed to get them to shore. Then we tried to locate any cargo that might be near. Fortunately the brief case we had saved contained matches and a flashlight, so we were able to build a small fire. We stood shivering over that, slightly disturbed as some wild jungle beast paced back and forth on the bank above us, until morning.

Taking stock by daylight, we found that fortunately we still had our motor, gas, and oil. But our food, cooking utensils, and so forth, were gone. I had lost my personal possessions, and some crocodile is probably now wearing Monsignor's red robes.

With one small tin we had salvaged, we bailed out the canoes. Then we took off again on the river. At three that afternoon, we came to a thatched hut, where we obtained some food. Then on again until nightfall. That night we did not try to travel. But this did us no good. The river went down during the night, and morning found us high and dry on a

mudbank. We had to dig ourselves out with our one salvaged "shovel."

At noon a submerged log knocked the motor off the canoe. Fortunately

we had tied it with rope, so it was still with us. But the rest of the day was needed for cleaning and drying the motor. We went to bed without supper that night because of mosquitos.

The next day our bad luck continued. A strong wind prevented us from moving until almost nightfall; then the pump on the motor went out of commission. For the following day and a half, we had to paddle. Finally we concocted a Rube Goldberg contraption, and we were able to run the motor as long as one of us remained at it, pouring water into it. But soon afterwards, we became stranded on a sandbar.

The last day was not too bad. We sighted Cavinass Mission at noon. Just then we hit the worst under-water log of the trip, and completely smashed the motor. For the next hour and a half, we had to paddle in the heat of the midday sun. We arrived at the mission looking like barbarians, sunburned, dirty and unshaven, and clothed in tattered garments.

While we were "fighting" our way down the river, Bolivia's worst revolution had broken out. So instead of being able to tell about our heroic exploits when we got home, we were silenced by everyone else's tales of the revolution.

IN MEMORIAM

IF YOU are not wealthy, this page is for you!

A millionaire may endow a hospital in memory of his son. A rich widow may give funds for a library, so that future generations will recall and bless her dead husband. A prosperous merchant may set up a loan fund for employees, to perpetuate the name of his partner.

But people of small means have sons and husbands and friends who die; and they love and admire such persons, and want them gratefully remembered. Only lack of money prevents their building worthy memorials. Perhaps you, too, have someone who deserves remembrance.

Why not combine with other persons like yourself? Why not add many small sums, to produce a great total?

The Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, is to train young Americans to be missionaries — frontline soldiers of the Faith, to preach

Our Lord where He is unknown. The new seminary is being paid for with small contributions from persons of moderate means.

No rich man's name will be upon its cornerstone. Instead, the book of the Recording Angel will list names of countless small gift donors who made it possible; or names of husbands, wives, partners, parents, brothers, sisters, friends, in whose memory the donations were made. What better memorial could you find?

Every contribution will be important and welcome, whether large or small. A \$1 pane of glass will help protect a \$10,000 laboratory; \$1,600 will provide sleeping, eating, praying, and study space for one seminarian.

A limited number of plaques will be placed on doors or walls, to commemorate specific gifts. But we must leave it to the angels to record all donors' names on the imperishable books of eternity.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Herewith find \$_____ toward Maryknoll's Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to train young men as missionaries.

Name_____

(Please print)

Street_____

City_____Zone_____State_____

☐ I should like to join the Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me monthly reminder.



Sickbed

Men make newspaper headlines, fight for riches, strive for culture, plunge into war, indulge in sports, seek pleasure. But nearest to life's reality is the priest, like Father Patrick Duffy above, who leans over the sickbed and gives the sacraments to the dying.

A PHOTO STORY by Joseph A. Hahn





This Korean Sister of Charity moves ever from bed to bed. Here is Christian mercy: to relieve the corporal or spiritual misery of one's neighbor.



Mercy is not reserved to religious. In a Seoul hospital a group of doctors and nurses have leagued to bring spiritual help to all whom they serve.



Along rows of the sick in the dim morning moves the Son of God in the Blessed Sacrament—God who came to be among the suffering and forgotten.



Rejection of Grace

Nakamura was father of a Catholic family but drifted away from the Faith. Death approached, and the man's wife and daughter requested Father Steinbach to come to his bedside. The priest recalled to Nakamura the story of Calvary, showed him the crucifix, prayed ardently, as did the family. But soon the lifeless corpse of Nakamura lay still on his couch. He died unrepentant.



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The Church's clergy in Eastern Asia follow the good tradition of devotion to the sick. Monsignor Furuya of Kyoto is hearing a sickroom confession.



Kyoto's St. Vincent de Paul men visit the sick. Without fanfare, Christian mercy goes to millions over the earth held in the thralldom of disease.

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AFIELD with the *MARYKNOLL* *SISTERS*

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

1,000 Gates and a Donkey. I unrolled from the blankets on the floor of the sampan and straightened my habit a little. The boatman and his family were stirring, poking up the fire for breakfast, although light was still dim.

This was Palm Sunday. Even in a two-hour stay at Chachaofu, we might do a little mission work. I could at least walk up the main street and let my habit do a bit of preaching for me, since I do not know the local dialect. That's what Saint Francis did, isn't it?

Gno-Tsi, my companion, unrolled from her lump of bedding beside me and sat up to greet Palm Sunday morning, too. "Let's go up into town for a walk," I said in our Kaying dialect.

Well, it was quite a walk! The Street of a Thousand Gates was a seething river of humanity. Every hundred yards or so, an ornamental stone gateway, carved with lions, horses, and triumphal processions (portrayals of long-gone and long-forgotten events) swung over the elbowing crowds. No trucks, no cars, no horses were on this street; and even wheels were not very common. Men, women, and children, balanc-

ing poles weighted with buckets or baskets or cases or cartons: those constitute the traffic problems of Thousand Gate Street.

We were the Palm Sunday Procession, Gno Tsi and I. Everyone turned to look at the strange "foreign devil" woman. Shopkeepers ran to their front doors; people behind us on the street ran in front, and walked backwards for a good look; children dropped everything and came alongside as bodyguards.

It wasn't a bad Palm Sunday, at all. No palm branches were strewn in front of us; no Hosannas rent the air. But we scattered smiles and

Rest Between Rounds

Not very long ago, cold stares followed us as we made our way gingerly down the alley to the street.

But now there are few neighbors who do not know the Catholic greeting, "God bless you." Even the bride next door, who has been having mother-in-law trouble since she moved into the house last year, stops bickering long enough to ask God to bless us.—KWEILIN SISTERS

"God bless you!" right and left, hoping that Christ would not mind our being His donkeys in the City of the Thousand Gates.

The woman selling fans on the curb, the tailor's boy pumping his sewing machine on the side, the blind beggar girl, the garbage woman trotting by with foul-smelling buckets; the rich merchant — may Christ bless them all, we thought, and grant them soon to know Him!

— *Sister Magdalena (Urlacher),
of Rochester, New York*

Never-Gets-Dry Alley. That is the name we have given to the street we live on here in Kweilin, China.

One of the town's most popular wells is at the end of our street. All day long, water carriers, each balancing wooden buckets at the ends of a shoulder pole, pass before the convent gate.

Because we are so close to good water, quite a few of our neighbors, men as well as women, take in washing. It's a rare day that somebody isn't in front of her house, pounding the dirt out of clothes. That is all to the good for us; it makes it easy to stop and chat.

Chinese see us step down Never-

Gets-Dry Alley every morning, for Mass in the parish church. They see the Sister-nurse go every morning to the clinic, to heal the hundreds who come for treatment. They see the rich and poor enter our door for instruction. Everyone in the alley knows we teach the Lord-of-Heaven Religion. Many have stepped across the puddles at their own doorways to follow the crowd entering the little convent gate.

It's inspiring to look back on the last twelve years, since the first Maryknoll Sisters came to Kweilin to help the Maryknoll Fathers. It's good to think of the many sturdy Chinese Catholics who began their quest for God by walking down our wet alley.

Hundreds of Chinese women come down the alley to us. Some wear smart, foreign shoes; some hobble on bound feet; some have no shoes at all. We meet these women at the church; they are old friends who stop for a chat after Sunday Mass or new Catholics who want to know how to act at Benediction in the evening.

Yes, God be praised, His sunshine radiates from the alley that never gets dry. — *Sister Miriam (Schmitt),
of Merrill, Wisconsin*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



Sister Miriam Louise (above) shares the simple joys of these backwoods people during a religious festival in a remote section of the Philippine Islands. Much hard work done under very primitive conditions is paying rich spiritual dividends in this once-forgotten corner of God's kingdom. Right: Sister Paul Miki makes a fuss over the pet canary of one of her youngest friends in Tsu, Japan.



THREE-MINUTE Meditation

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

(Matt. V:7)

FATHER Leo J. Steinbach believes that these words of Christ were spoken to him. That's why he stopped by the bedside of a Japanese and offered to teach the dying man the way to everlasting happiness.

"All right," said the patient, "I'll give you just five minutes."

Actually Father Steinbach's instruction took twenty-five minutes. The dying Japanese came to know the true God during the last twenty-four hours he spent on this earth.

Missioners the world over take those words of Christ to heart. They dedicate themselves to the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. The ill and woes of their fellow human beings strike sympathetic cords in their hearts. Be it a severe earthquake in Ecuador, or a devastating flood in China, the missionary's first reaction to the calamity is: "What can I do to help?"

Most merciful are the acts that rid a person of spiritual ignorance. Missioners feel impelled to give to all men the divinely correct appraisal of what is most important for their spiritual welfare.

Conclusion: You would not challenge one who declares, "Christ speaks to you personally when He says, 'Blessed are the merciful.'" If you expect to obtain mercy at the hands of God, you must show mercy to the people who need mercy most, those outside the one true Church.

The Failure

THERE HAS NEVER been any inherent difficulty in planning and creating a good civilization for mankind by the aid, and in the light, of Christian principles. With all its immense spiritual riches, the religion of Christ is well able to produce this desired result and much more besides. There must be some reason why it always has not.

WHEN the Christian religion was introduced into a fallen world it had three giant steps to take before it could produce anything like a social revolution: it had to be established, it had to be accepted, and it had to be applied. To establish the Christian religion was the work, of course, of One who has done all things well; it was accomplished completely, at infinite cost, once and forever. The second step, if easier by the whole heaven than the first, necessarily required the passage of much time, and the accumulated effort of many devoted men in many ages. This step was achieved, not perfectly but substantially, when the dawning Middle Ages saw Europe accept the Christian Faith and assume world leadership at the same moment.

The third task, that of applying Christianity by Christians, was the least well performed of all the steps. Even so, it was quite well enough performed for this particular purpose. There never was need to apply the whole of the Christian religion to the whole of human life, in order to produce a good civilization; that achievement would produce a perfect one. To give the human race a reasonably satisfactory way of life, even half of the religion of Christ applied to half of life is ample. This has happened in some areas of the world.

re of Caesar

After the Ten Commandments, moral responsibility to God, the dignity and the rights of individual man, have been established, who takes over? The ruler takes over; it remains for him to devise and operate a system that guarantees essential freedom, stable order, reasonable opportunity, and nothing more. And rulers have done this with wretched mismanagement almost everywhere in the world.

There is a social revolution going on, but it is not economic in its origin: it is basically and almost solely political. The peoples' wants are not inherently difficult to satisfy. Potentially everything the people need is ready at hand in almost every country. Nobody but the lunatic fringe in any country wants to tear down all the banks and deck themselves with diamonds. What the people want is a sensible political system with competent administrators which will enable them to live in the peace and plenty that God provided for them. But that is something that the people have had in very few places up to the present moment — and that is what the social revolution is really all about.

MISSIONERS HOPE to convert the world, but not to establish a theocracy. In the task of looking after the human race, there is fortunately a division of labor, and Caesar has his own role to play in it. If Caesar would only wake up and perform his assigned function with reasonable efficiency, it would be much easier for the Church to get on with the more important business of saving souls, in a world that would improve radically overnight if politicians would be faithful to their peoples.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

Our photographer in Seoul, Korea, had to tempt young Kim with an apple before he could snap this picture, posed against a background of cherry blossoms. The Korean climate is very similar to that of our Middle Atlantic States, and Korean seasons parallel ours. Today the Korean people live in great uncertainty. Half of them are behind the Iron Curtain, and the other half, in Free Korea, fear a Red smash from the north.





School for GOOD WIVES

The Archbishop's voice shook with emotion

by William A. Fletcher

DID YOU ever hear of the Sister who spent fifty-six years in China? Men journeyed hundreds of miles to get the good wives that she trained.

Mother St. Dominic was her name and she was a member of the religious community known as the Society of Helpers of the Holy Souls. This great and saintly missionary, at the age of twenty-nine, in the third year of her convent life, landed at Shanghai after a long and perilous sea journey from her native France.

The few Helpers of the Holy Souls who had preceded her, welcomed Mother St. Dominic into their poor, unpretentious convent, which had formerly been the stables of a French general. It was situated in a small village called Zikawei, five miles from the center of the city.

Within seven years, Mother St. Dominic was made superior of the little convent. And what an amazing transformation she brought about!

I listened to the remarkable story of the transformation, as I toured in bewilderment the many buildings, on my first visit to Zikawei.

Our Lady's Garden, as the convent is now called, is one of the greatest exemplifications of Christian charity in all China. This is due chiefly to the leadership, vision and zeal of Mother St. Dominic. She early realized the need for expansion and begged funds to buy land.

Today the convent has fifteen large buildings. There is the St. Joseph's Institute, where many foreign children of Shanghai have been educated; a college for non-Christian Chinese; a school for poor children, and one for the deaf and dumb. Mother St. Dominic built also a commodious novitiate for the training of Chinese Sisters; they numbered over three hundred at the time of her death.

The great Gothic chapel on the compound, she made a thing of beauty and so inspiring that many pagans slipped in to pray.

Keenly aware of the hopeless despair of the many poor Chinese who were ill, Mother St. Dominic established a dispensary; and through this work of mercy, she won countless friends for the Church. She sent

her native Sisters to visit the dilapidated homes of persons who were too sick to come to the dispensary.

The orphanage is perhaps the most famous part of Mother St. Dominic's compound. Hundreds of Chinese girls found a home there. And the fine training these orphans received is famous. Consequently, when they reached a marriageable age, they had no difficulty in finding husbands.

This was exemplified for me when, in Hong Kong, I met a prosperous young businessman who said that he was going to the Zikawei orphanage to get a wife.

"Why go so far?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "the girls trained by the Sisters in Our Lady's Garden are very reliable, capable and well educated. Besides," he beamed, "they have the 'know how' of running a good, clean home."

As a result of Mother St. Dominic's able leadership, thousands of conversions were made. Native vocations increased beyond all expectations.

Archbishop Costantini, when Apostolic Delegate to China, visited Zikawei. In a voice shaking with emotion, he heartily praised Mother St. Dominic with these words: "Mother, you have anticipated every wish of our Holy Father! You have native Sisters, schools for Christian and non-Christian Chinese, besides ever so many other great mission activities.

Mother St. Dominic died at the age of eighty-five, in January of 1927. Her grave is still visited by thousands of Chinese, who fondly remember how she worked to make their world a better place in which to live.



NO STRINGS

A STRINGLESS GIFT is one which you send to Maryknoll to be used as we see fit for the most pressing and urgent need at the moment on any of the four continents where Maryknoll is established. It is the kind of gift we like — no strings.

The mission fields and Maryknoll in the U.S.A. have many emergency needs arising out of the nature of our work. If you cannot decide which need is the greatest, make your gift stringless. We prefer such.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

To Market, to Market...!



Wicker crates contain the storekeeper's ducks. Reach in and pull out a fat one!





On all sides of the village square are hawkers, selling everything from burial pots (below) to shoes.



To the Chinese farmer his market town is the center of his world.



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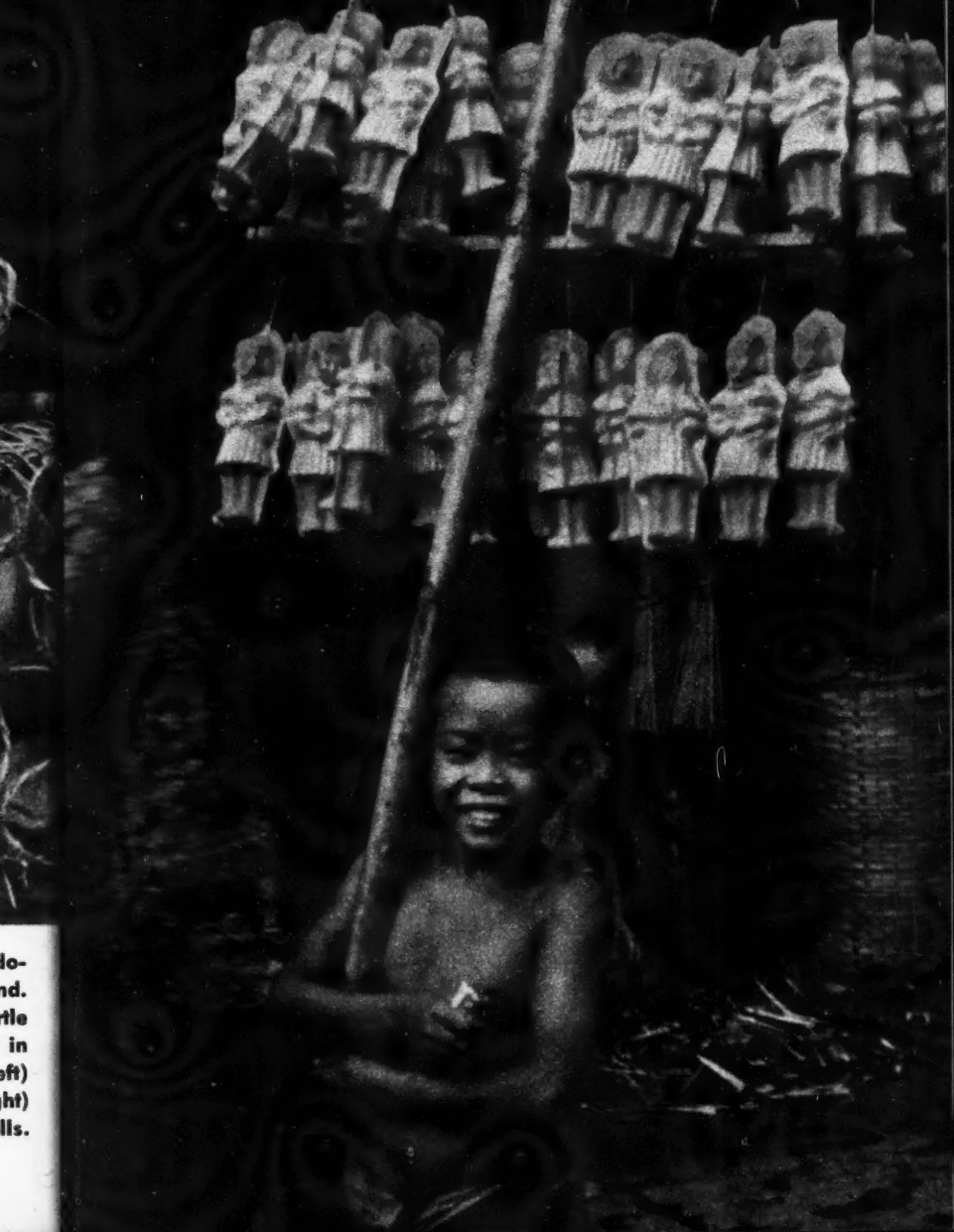


Friendly fishwives chatter patter
outrivalling any American huckster..



The Chinese market is a kaleidoscope of color, sight, and sound. One sight (above) would startle Americans—live pigs piled up in crates waiting for a buyer. (Left) A golden splash of grain. (Right) Sonny sells papier-mâché dolls.

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Matinde Catches the Lord

OUT of the corner of my eye, as I sat reading under the shade of an umbrella tree, I saw someone approaching. Looking up, I beheld Matinde, whom I hadn't seen for a long time. After answering her greeting, I inquired where she had been.

"Mogaka," she answered, "I am tired, very tired!" And her wrinkled face and shriveled body witnessed the truth of her words.

"It's finished!" she said.

I was a little puzzled by what I thought was a change in the conversation.

"What is finished, Matinde?"

My visitor looked at me to see if I were joking. Then she said, "My strength is finished — all of it. I want to come and live here at the mission. I have been chasing God for many years, and now I want to catch Him, because I shan't be able to chase Him much longer. Please find me a place to stay."

"Where do you live now?" I asked.

"Down by the Mori, Father; but that is far, too far for an old woman like me. Besides, my family don't want me down there anymore. I am



by Joseph E. Brannigan

useless; I can't dig in the fields; I'm no longer able to do other work. I am finished!"

This conversation was interspersed with little ejaculations, such as, "O my God, have mercy on my old age! O my good Father, have pity on us old people!"

I tried joking with Matinde about being young

and having many years ahead of her.

"No," she said, "I haven't long to live. And I wish to die a Christian."

I assured the old lady that she would not die without baptism, but she was not so sure of this unless she came to live somewhere near the mission. She told me that I had not seen her for some time because she had been sick. She had asked her son to get the priest. He had refused.

I was curious to find out how much of the doctrine she had learned. The old natives here have great difficulty in learning even the essentials. But Matinde gave me a pleasant surprise: she knew quite a bit, and not merely by rote. This good, old African will soon be born again, a child of God. Meanwhile, I'm looking for a place for her to stay until, as she says, she's "finished."



Return
to
the
Knoll

by
Joseph P.
McGinn

*L*ady of Maryknoll, Queen of our hearts,
Bowed down before thee once more —
Home is thy child from far heathen marts,
Bearing his sheaves for thy store.
Greet me, dear Mother, with loving caress.
Pardon my failures, tenderly bless.

MATTHEW MAKES AN EX-COMMUNIST

by John C. Murrett

He went home with one culprit and found another

THE SEVEN Japanese boys standing before the police captain were very much ashamed. In the middle of a great scolding by that worthy dignitary, a young man walked into the room, looking calmly about him.

"What do you want?" rasped the captain.

"Why, I came to ask your permission to use one of the school-rooms in the next building."

"Why?"

"I have a group of teen-age boys, and I'm trying to keep them off the streets. I thought if I could use one of the classrooms for our meeting—"

The judge pointed to the seven youths standing before him. "Are these some of your teen-agers?"

"No. But I'd be glad to include them."

Matthew Sato, the speaker, was not yet twenty-five years old, and was still close enough to his teens to remember the dangers that faced Japanese teen-agers. Since his baptism three years earlier, Matthew had done some wonderful things with boys. And he was quite sure he knew what those seven young street idlers wanted and needed.

As Matthew herded the seven cul-

prits into the classroom provided by the police, he spoke to them quietly. In a few minutes the ignominy of their arrest was forgotten. The young man had ping-pong tables ready to set up, dart games, and a wealth of good reading material. For two hours the boys enjoyed the various games. And then their new friend began a little lecture, of the kind with which he concluded every meeting of his groups. It was a simple explanation of the love of God for all men.

The youths had thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and they were filled with gratitude for their safe delivery from jail. As each one passed their host at the door, he stopped, bowed low, and thanked Matthew for being a real friend. Each promised gladly to return on the following evening.

One of the youths appeared reluctant to leave. "What's the matter?" inquired Matthew.

"I can't go home! My father saw the policeman taking us into the station. Instead of coming to help me, he glared angrily at me. I'm afraid to face him!"

"Do you live near by?"

"Yes, just a few blocks away."

"I'll go with you and explain the matter to your father," offered Matthew.

The boy's father was mollified by Matthew's persuasive words. After the explanations had been finished, the older man turned to his visitor and asked, "Why do you do this work every evening for the boys?"

"I am a Catholic," answered the young apostle. "And I believe that the boys of this city have no one sufficiently interested in them to show them how they can enjoy themselves, and still be good citizens."

"But what has being a Catholic got to do with helping youth?"

"I can easily explain that," said Matthew. "To put it simply: Christ commanded us to love our neighbor, and I believe that every man in this world is my neighbor. The love that I have for these young men is not my own, but that love which God gave me. It is His love I try to pass on to others."

The boy's father bowed his head and remained silent for a few moments. Finally, with some embarrassment, he admitted: "I was baptized a Catholic when I was born. I attended the Catholic church regularly until I went to the university. Then I drifted away from my faith. At the university I joined the Communist Party — drifting still further away. For twenty-nine years I have been a party member, and yet I have never found the happiness promised by the Reds.

"Tonight you have answered ques-

A Harp Without Strings
is useless; but a gift without strings is extra welcome, for it can be used to meet general needs. Maryknoll needs such gifts to educate boys for the priesthood: \$1 - \$5 - \$10 — or whatever you can spare.

tions that have been troubling me for the last six years: What is our true goal? Can there be any goal outside religion? Is not the Catholic Church the only Church that can lead us in the right way? I know now that I have found the answer to all my questions.

"Communism has done nothing to build up our youth. It has torn down our ideals and left us with empty hands — with nothing to be hoped for, with no promise of anything beyond the grave. It has robbed, cheated, deceived, and despoiled us!"

The man's wife and family were startled as they heard these words. Then a look of relief swept across their faces; they seemed to realize that some great joy had come to their family's head.

"I will be your assistant!" he said to Matthew. "I will help you save these young men and prepare them for the only true liberty that has ever existed."

These events happened about a year ago. This Easter will be a very happy day for one family in Kyoto. The ex-Communist has had his marriage rectified; he has returned to the sacraments. On Holy Saturday his wife and all their children will be baptized.

The classroom club has grown so rapidly that it now occupies larger quarters. The ex-Communist does all the club work himself. Matthew went off last September to study for the priesthood.



MEN ON HORSEBACK

by Vincent M. Cowan

AS I WAS TAKING off the vestments after a Nuptial Mass, my Chilean cook came into the sacristy.

"Father, will you go and see a sick woman I know? She lives a block away. I tried to teach her some prayers and persuade her to come back to the Church before she passes away. Her husband threw me out of the house when he discovered what I was doing! I told him I was going for the priest, and he shouted, 'I'll throw him out, too, when he comes!'"

I went on the double, taking the oils and plenty of holy water. Arrived at the house, I looked cautiously into the interior. Then I went in and asked the husband about the sick woman. The man pointed to the bed.

While I was conversing with the patient I kept one eye on the husband. He was as quiet as a mouse until I asked him to leave so that

I could hear his wife's confession.

"I don't have to leave!" he said belligerently.

"No one else may remain in the room while I'm hearing this woman's confession!" I declared in a firm voice. Reluctantly the husband left.

I called the neighbors in after the sick woman had made her peace with God. Together we recited the prayers for the dying. And as we prayed, the woman passed to her reward.

After breakfast that morning, I attended a meeting of the Workers of St. Joseph, the men's society in the parish here in Portezuelo, Chile. All our parishioners have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. But they are never too busy to help support the church. The Workers of St. Joseph are poor men, but they are most generous with their contributions of work.

The main purpose of this meeting was to congratulate the men for

the excellent job they had done on the floor of the church. The old flooring had become so rotten that it could no longer support much weight, so the men ripped out the rotted planking and laid a completely new and sound floor. Remarkable was the way they worked — from the first light of dawn until they had to report for their regular employment, and again in the evening until dark. They would not accept any pay for this work.

Recently they attacked a section of the parish where there are many fallen-away Catholics. Off our men went, like crusaders of old, mounted on horses, with banners flying in the breeze. They came back with the names and addresses of couples whose marriages needed fixing, and of babies unbaptized. They even obtained a piece of property free and now we can build a chapel in that section.

After the meeting I attended, the men mounted their horses and rode off ready to build the chapel and reclaim this section for the Mother of God. May God bless them and their families for the many sacrifices they make to spread knowledge and love of Him.

Thanks be to God for my horse, also! I rode him on a long sick call not long ago. It was right after weeks of heavy rains had swollen the

streams, but I had no fears, because my horse is a good swimmer.

I found the head of the house in terrible pain but fully conscious when I arrived.

His leg had been horribly burned, right to the bone. Happily he had a chance to straighten out his soul before

meeting his Creator. I had advised hospitalization, but my advice came too late.

A golden anniversary of marriage is celebrated here in Portezuelo on an average of once a year.

The other day a couple from the poorer class asked me to join in celebrating their golden anniversary. These good people have always been examples to the other people in the parish: they have been most generous in helping the church from their limited funds, and even more prodigal of their time in helping the pastor meet various emergencies.

The man and wife own and operate a grocery store just around the corner from the church. Both are healthy and appear able to live the better part of another fifty years in this vale of tears. They present an outstanding example of the blessings of God on good, Catholic, wedded life, and a fulfillment of the nuptial blessing. Such an example is sorely needed in a section where hardly more than half the couples are married by a priest.

Mission aid

The right hand man or woman of a missionary is the catechist — a real mission aid. 300 are needed. So is the \$15 monthly salary for each.

*P*REJUDICE is something that must be learned. It is a terrible thing for parents to teach. — M. C. Clarke, 1949 recipient, James J. Hoey Award.

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS



All Koreans suffer from scarcity of food, but Korean children suffer most. Help us lessen their misery. Five dollars supports one child for a month.

What Does Every Town Need? A good dispensary! A missionary in China can start one for only \$500. Think what a dispensary will mean to underprivileged people!

Climbing Shoes — four of them — with a horse attached, are needed by more than one missionary in South America. A gift of \$100 will put a missionary on horseback.

Crucifixes for the homes of many Mayan Indians are needed in Mexico. The crucifixes cost \$2 each; the Indians are too poor to buy them. Our missionaries will welcome your contribution.

Six People, Four Dollars. To make the simplest of benches, costs \$2 for wood, \$1 for paint and nails, \$1 for labor. Such a bench holds six people and 100 such benches are needed for a congregation in Africa. Will you provide one bench?

They Are Hungry — the blind, the old, the sick, the orphans of China — and \$5 will push back death for another month! What more can we say? It is as simple as that.

Let Your Light Shine before men in a needy mission in Bolivia. A sanctuary light, costing \$50 is requested. Will it be your gift?

Merrily We Roll Along — when we have bicycles. Otherwise we plod; and then we don't go so far or so fast, or get so much done. Who will buy our missionaries two bicycles, at \$50 each, for use on the long roads of China?

Small Sum, Big Purpose. It will cost \$50 to build a confessional for one of our missions. But how many hundreds and thousands of souls, through countless years, will go away from it relieved, comforted, and forgiven! Interested?

The Bright Spot in a dark world — Our Lord's lighted altar. Candlesticks are needed for a mission church in Japan. A set costs \$30.

Aid the Blind! They cannot see the flowers or the sunrise, but they can feel the warmth of human kindness. To you \$5 may not mean much; to the blind, seeking shelter at Maryknoll missions, it means life itself.

You Can Provide a sanctuary light before the Blessed Sacrament for one year, in Monsignor Romaniello's church in Kweilin. It will cost \$25. The church has only peanut-oil lamps at present.

Heal the Sick! This was the example set by Our Lord. Anyone who contributes towards the \$50 needed for medicine in a Maryknoll dispensary in China, will be following His example.





“Go . . . preach . . . baptize”

IN MARYKNOLL seminaries in the United States, hundreds of young Americans are training for overseas mission work in China, Korea, Japan, Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Africa and Hawaii.

We are looking for benefactors to help support those of our seminarians who lack sufficient funds to finance the cost of their training. We never refuse a worthy candidate. You may wish to have a part in helping a young man to become a Maryknoll Missioner.

His education and training cost about \$500 a year. You may wish to pay all or part. Those who make it possible for him to become a missioner will share in his Masses, his prayers, his labors — and his reward.

Any gift, large or small, will be a “lift” to a young man preparing for overseas missions. This deserving charity may appeal to you or to your friends. Tell others about it.

Make your money work for you and the missions too. Write us for a free Annuity booklet.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Brilliant sunlight and sparkling hues
bedeck this Tanganyika market picture

